VERSES

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Left in a GROTTO

In *RICHMOND* Garden.

To which are added,

Several ODES on the Battle of *Dettingen*.

LONDON:
Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*.
MDCCXLIV.

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VERSES

Left in

A Grotto in *Richmond* Garden.

Habitarûnt Dii quoque Silvas.— VIRG.

WHILE Fame no more his Boſom fires,
Here *Britain*'s King from Pomp retires;
Beneath this humble Roof confin'd,
The Love and Dread of Half Mankind:
Scarce conſcious in his rural Bower
What Empires fear or bleſs his Power,
His Triumphs here are all forgot,
How well the Hero led and fought;

The Laurels on the *Maine* that grew,
The Ranks his Victor Squadrons ſlew;
The Sword in *Gallic* Blood deep-dy'd,
The Field that humbled *Bourbon*'s Pride;
His Fleets that cover Half the Main,
And *Auſtria* reſcued from her Chain;
Which ſhook no more with dire Alarms,
Forgets her Fear, to bleſs his Arms.

No more with Plans of Glory fir'd,
Thus *Scipio* once from *Rome* retir'd;
By Deeds, like his, immortal made,
The World exchanging for a Shade:
There in his Life's declining Ray,
The Warrior threw his Crowns away;
Forgot his Wreaths, more pleas'd to view
The Groves, where firſt his Laurels grew;
Each Thought of fairer Conqueſts o'er,
Even *Carthage* warms his Soul no more;
Which finds that Peace in Grotto's live,
That Fame and Triumphs cou'd not give.

From Shades like theſe, the Gods of old
The future Fate of Realms foretold;
Whoſe Arm in Battle ſhou'd ſucceed;
What State was doom'd to riſe or bleed;

From

From *Jove*'s dire Cloud, with Thunders red,
What, perjur'd Nations had to dread;
The braveſt Sword without Applauſe,
That Pride or mad Ambition draws.

Let *Richmond* now for *Delphos* ſtand,
And Nations wait the great Command
Of *Britain*'s King, like Fates decree,
That curbs, or ſets whole Empires free;
And fatal to each Tyrant's Ear,
Fills *Paris* and *Madrid* with Fear;
Damps *Philip*'s Heart, where'er he ſits,
And throws *Spain*'s Woman-King in Fits;
Who hears the Canons Voice with Dread,
That ſhak'd the Crown on *Carlo*'s Head.

Still with freſh Wreaths thy Brow adorn,
And while he fears, let *Bourbon* ſcorn;
With proud Contempt thy Armies view,
If when he ſmiles, he trembles too.
How vain, to ſave him from Deſpair,
Or *Conti*'s Sword, or *Tenchin*'s Prayer;
While on each Sea thy Pow'r prevails,
And crouds each Shore with Captive Sails;
Her Wealth each Day the *Gallic* Fleet
Pouring in Streams at *Britain*'s Feet:

While up the *Thames* each golden Tide,
The Treaſures of both *India*'s ride;
Which twice Ten thouſand Slaves employ
To dig that Ore, your Realms enjoy.

How dread, Brave Prince, when both combine,
And Heaven's dire Vengeance ſeconds thine,
To lay the World's proud Tyrants low,
Who combat thus a double Foe.
Since Kings, againſt thy Pow'r that riſe,
Muſt dare, or elſe deride the Skies;
Which thy ſtrong Arm with Courage fire,
And aid that Zeal they firſt inſpire!
Nor can deſert a Sword ſo brave,
That, like Heaven's own, delights to ſave!

In Action bold, in Counſel wiſe,
Here with thy own great Heart adviſe,
What Realms ſhall next thy Vengeance fear,
And tremble, when thy Troops appear:
If *Spain* or *Gallia* ſhall afford
The next fair Wreaths to bind thy Sword,
Which to thy Hand *Aſtræa* gave,
As ſhe directs, to wound or ſave:
Thine the great Task, by Heaven's Decree,
From Chains the injur'd World to free.

Cloſe

Close by thy Side let [a] WILLIAM ſtand,
Attentive to thy lov'd Command;
Which bids the youthful Warrior go,
And charge, where *Britain* finds a Foe.
With thy own Flame his Breaſt inſpire,
Catching from thee the noble Fire,
Which, without Fear, thy Hero led
To the dire Plain with Slaughter red,
Where the brave Chief in Raptures flew,
And fought, and ſmil'd - - - with Death in View.
Not half ſo proud to boaſt his Name,
As imitate a Father's Fame;
By Actions which his Youth adorn,
Proving himſelf of Monarchs born.

Yet, ah! ſince Fate has not in Store,
To pay your Worth, a Bleſſing more;
Mature at laſt in deathleſs Praiſe,
Here change the Laurel for the Bays.
(Scarce raviſh'd with the glorious Sound
Of *Dettingen*, where WILLIAM's Wound
A Joy and Terror did impart
To a fond trembling Parent's Heart.)
In this calm Scene reflect no more
On Empires which you ſav'd before;

O'er

[a] Duke of *Cumberland*.

O'er what wide Seas your Navies ſpread,
On *Bourbon*'s Shame, and *Philip*'s Dread;
Here throw the Victor's Wreath away,
The Hero's gen'rous Flame allay,
And kindly for a while deſcend,
The King forgot, to be the Friend;
All *Europe*'s jarring States compoſe,
And plan the bleeding World's Repoſe;
Owning the Monarch's Glory leſs
To Conquer Half the Globe, than Bleſs.

Thus *Jove* againſt his Earth-born Foes,
Clad in majeſtick Terror, roſe;
But when his angry Arm that held
The flaming Bolt, their Rage had quell'd,
The Gods avenging Thunders ceaſe,
And all *Olympus* ſmiles in Peace.

ODES

ODES

WRITTEN

On the Battle of DETTINGEN.

To His Royal Highneſs the Duke of CUMBERLAND, *on the Wound he received at* Dettingen.

WHEN *Britain*'s Sovereign firſt beheld
The Blood faſt flowing from thy Vein,
He felt his doubtful Boſom ſwell'd
With ſecret Raptures, mix'd with Pain.

Alternate Paſſions die and ſpring,
Each other which by Turns deſtroy:
The Father trembling, while the King
Beholds the purple Stream with Joy.

Tho' dreadful to his anxious Thought,
The Wound that bleeds, the Drops that fall;
To think how well the Hero fought,
He triumphs, and forgets them all.

Pity! the Warrior's noble Flame
Shou'd *Britain*'s kindly Fears renew;
That what augments her Fav'rite's Fame,
Should give his Country Terror too!

His daring Sword we hardly bleſs,
Where'er it falls, of Triumph ſure;
And almoſt wiſh his Courage leſs,
To view the Hero more ſecure.

To the ſame.

PRoud *Bourbon* honour'd with thy Scars,
In *Voltair*'s Muſe had ſoar'd a God;
And with *Alcides*, *Jove* and *Mars*,
On the ſame Cloud above had rode.

Their Thirſt of Glory is the ſame,
Tho' different Views the Heroes fire;
While WILLIAM ſtrives to have his Fame,
LEWIS to keep his Limbs entire.

To

To the KING.

THO' Juſt, and Wiſe, and Great before,
To Honour's ſacred Dictates true;
Your Sword and Bravery has done more.
Than all your Virtues elſe could do.

That Worth before leſs underſtood,
Your Actions on the *Maine* unfold:
Britain had always own'd you Good,
And *France* muſt now confeſs you Bold.

Let Diſcord then no more revive,
Which now begins your Fame to boaſt;
While Foes and jarring Factions ſtrive,
Which ſhall applaud their Hero moſt.

Back from the Field, the Gifts of War
New Titles and Renown you bring;
Returning home a Conqueror,
Who left your Iſland - - - but a KING.

To the ſame.

HIS God-like Son, when *Phillip* fought,
With Smiles the Father's Wreaths beheld;
While ev'ry Wonder which he wrought,
His Breaſt with rival Paſſion ſwell'd.

Juſt ſo thy youthful Warrior ſtood,
His Sire's great Actions pleas'd to view;
Nor thought it Fame to boaſt thy Blood,
Unleſs he ſhar'd thy Laurels too.

But, ah! his daring Sword embru'd
In hoſtile Blood, we view with Pain;
By Empires ſav'd, by Foes ſubdu'd,
Had WILLIAM fell, we nothing gain.

To the French *King.*

WHEN heedleſs of their Chief's Command,
Bourbon, thy flying Troops are found,
To make thy daſtard Legions ſtand,
Bid 'em reflect on WILLIAM's Wound.

Amidſt

Amidſt ten thouſand Deaths to view
The fearleſs Youth in Chaſe of Fame,
Muſt each pale Coward's Flames renew
With Courage, thus inſpir'd by Shame.

Cou'd they aſſume his martial Looks,
As to the Front his Troops advance,
Or *Dauphines* fight like *Engliſh* Dukes,
Britain muſt then beware of *France*.

On the *French* Barbarities in *Germany*.

To the EMPEROR.

WHILE *France* her treach'rous Sword employs
Thy gaſping Empire to reſtore,
Her Friendſhip half thy Realms deſtroys,
What cou'd her hoſtile Arms do more!

Thus *Drury* Dames to Love inclin'd,
Plunder your Fob, your Noſe efface;
And fatal always when moſt kind,
Or pox, or kill, while they embrace.

To the same.

WOu'dst thou be lost and wretched quite,
Without a Friend or Pity die;
Resolve against *Lorrain* to fight,
And court *Versailes* for an Ally!

From thy lov'd Country forc'd to run,
Which thy weak Arms in vain defend:
Thou canst not yet be quite undone,
'Till *France* is call'd to be thy Friend.

To the French *King.*

THE Fates to *Bourbon* Laurels yield,
Nor GEORGE's rival Sword forget:
GEORGE always conquers in the Field,
Bourbon as oft in the *Gazette.*

What Monarch's Fame wou'd shine so bright,
So fair a Lustre round diffuse;
Were *Lewis* Victor in the Fight,
Oft as he conquers in the News.

FIDES

FIDES GALLICA.

Ad REGEM.

QUI vibrat injuſtum, contra ſe dirigit enſem;
Cuſpide, qui Domini cædit inerme latus.
Vindice non opus eſt gladio--perjuria regum
Ulciſci, vindex ſufficit ira Jovis.
Parce minis, parce irato, Dux inclite, ferro;
Si non terra enſes, fulmen Olympus habet.
Mitte leves animos! duplicem conſurgis in hoſtem,
Gallia, Quæ *Britones* temnis, & unà Deos.
Dum parat armatis *Lodoix* concurrere turmis,
In ſuperos torquet tela, ſuperba manus.
Bellum alii exornent; veſtro ſub numine pacem
Invicto populi vindice, terra colat.

II. 7. 49

FINIS.

FIDES GALLICA.

Ad REGEM.

QUI vibrat injurium, contra fe dirigit
enfem;
Cuſpide, qui Domini cædit inerme latus.
Vindice non opus eſt gladio--perjuria regum
Ulciſci, vindex fufficit ira Jovis.
Parce minis, parce irato, Dux inclite, ferro;
Si non terra ceſſa, fulmen Olympus habet.
Mitte leves animos! duplicem conjungis in
hoſtem,
Gallia, Quæ Britonet tumis, & una Deas.
Dum parat armatis Ludovix concurrere turmis,
In fuperos torquet tela, fuperba manus.
Bellum alii exorient; vefano fub numine
pacem
Invicto populi vindice, terra colat.

FINIS.